

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

The Rose Garden Ghost.

By KATE EDMONDS.
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"It's a wonderful garden," remarked Prof. Raynes. "There are fifty-five varieties of roses—and yet none of my friends will enter it after dark."

The women drew closer together while the men grinned skeptically at their host. "Hallowed, you say?" asked Benton.

"In a way," hesitated the professor.

"What way?" asked a chorus of voices.

"It is mostly heavy perfume—and a queer cold wind—sometimes the sight of a greenish gray shadow flitting away under the locust grove."

They glanced toward the gorgeous rose garden and beyond to the tall grove of young locust trees. Beyond the grove was a rail fence and glimpses of tumbledown chimneys.

"Is that a farmhouse?" asked Benton inquisitively.

"Yes—belongs to Cherry Fabel—who teaches school in the city," explained Prof. Raynes stiffly and he changed the subject.

"I shall walk in the rose garden tonight," asserted Cynthia Parker to Madge Benton.

"Wait for me—I shall go, too. Let us go up to bed and then when all lights are out we can come down and frolic with the ghost in the garden!"

The moon was riding high in the heavens that night, and the rose garden took on weird coloring under the magic rays. The packroses were dull blotches of color against the foliage and the bride roses were pale and wan as if waiting for ghostly bride fingers to pluck them; the pink roses were faintly tinted and the whole garden was swarming with fragrance.

"It is beautiful—and so strange," whispered Cynthia as she clung to her companion's hand. "I am almost afraid, Madge."

"Hark! What is that?" Madge dragged her down behind the hedge, shivering the silence with thinking solemnity.

"Midnight," shivered Cynthia. "Do let us go back—I hate rose gardens!"

"Wait—some one is coming," cautioned the other, and so they waited with frightened hearts and icy hands. "Some one is coming from the other direction—I wish I could see!"

Slowly she raised herself until she could stand erect behind a tall bush of immense white blooms, then she dragged Cynthia to her feet. "Look!"

The girl's faces pressed close to the roses grow pale with the tragedy of what they saw. A woman's tall form, thin almost to invisibility in that uncertain light, clad in soft gray, moved among the roses with a beautiful, cold face; passed slowly from bush to bush, gathering the faded, bursting roses. She seemed to know when to touch them—for they would fall into her outspread hands. She buried her proud cold face among the sweet petals and then dropped them into a deep basket hung from her arm.

As she went from bush to bush, she murmured little snatches of song—old-fashioned melodies that the girls had laughed at when they heard them elsewhere, but tonight they wept as they listened.

"Such a poor sad ghost," sobbed Cynthia.

As if the whispering reached her ears, the ghost turned swiftly and glided rather than walked out of the garden and vanished beyond the locust grove.

"We must tell Professor Raynes," whispered Madge.

"Let us wait another night," urged Cynthia, and Madge consented.

The next day they were driving through the village when they saw the tall form of the rose garden ghost. She was just leaving the woman's exchange and her gray gown disappeared around a corner as their motor stopped at the door. "Let us go inside," said Cynthia.

They examined the delicate fancywork of the home-made candies, and finally Judge plucked her companion's arm. "Look," she whispered. "In the showcase was a heap of dainty net bags filled with dried rose petals, tied with rose-colored ribbons and delicately embroidered."

"Miss Nash's rose sachets," explained the attendant. "They are delightfully fragrant—her roses must be very fine—here are lavender ones too." The girls bought some sachet and went back to Rose Court.

"We must tell Professor Raynes," said Cynthia that evening. "She is trespassing of course—but the poor soul may need the rose petals—I am sure he would not care, for rose petals bring her a living anyway."

Professor Raynes listened to their story with incredulity. They walked down to the rose garden. "Look, there is hardly a fallen petal."

"I have noticed that—I thought it was Henry's diligence and raised his wages—I told him to let the petals lie—I liked to see them."

"But Miss Nash," began Madge when the professor clutched her.

"Miss Nash—Rose Nash?" he stammered.

"I must wait and see her—I thought she had gone away for ever, years ago—she used to board with Miss Cherry—" His head dropped into his hands—"Rose—my queen of all the roses," he whispered.

The girls left him alone dreaming among his roses, but that night he was very silent at dinner and late in the evening he vanished and did not return.

"We must go to the garden," cried Cynthia, and they planned to meet at midnight. The garden was silent under the roses. Beautiful Rose Nash, plucking half-blown buds to wear on her breast and one for the professor's buttonhole.

"A rose, dear," he was saying faintly. "Always bring you to me up for last time tomorrow—a wedding here among the roses."

"She said 'yes,'" murmured Madge, as the two girls crept away, dazed by the wonderful love story that had been revealed before their eyes.

Their faces are worth far more than their weight in gold. One of the only two white flowers in the world has been sent to bloom from Australia.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS LAMSON

Mr. Oriole's Home.

"My! My!" exclaimed Tingling, the fairyman landlord of the Land-of-Deer-Knows-Where. "I plum forgot, all about Oliver Oriole's rent. Come on, twins, bring the pocketbook and the lead-pencil and we'll get it right away. The tailoring business must be good this year, so no doubt Oliver has barrels of money. He's a very popular tailor you know."

Now Oliver's apartment was a little bit hard to reach, being the most exclusive one in the Maple-Tree Flats, and if it hadn't been

for the



"Lucy!" laughed Munchie. "W hy, this is only Monday."

for the Magical Green Shoes the twins wore, and Tingling being a fairy, they never could have got there at all.

Even Scramble Squirrel couldn't go calling, nor Chick Chick-aree, and certainly Oscar Owl, and Corny Coon couldn't find their way at night to Oliver's front door, for what do you 'spos? His flat was out at the tippest end of a tiny branch that was not thicker than the knitting needle your mother (or maybe your grandma) knits your mittens with. And every time a breeze blew, Oliver's apartment bobbed up and down like a see-saw. How he ever managed to cut waistcoats without snipping them, I'm sure I don't know, and how he ever basted trousers without ruining them, I don't know either.

But he managed very well while he was. And his wife liked it, for not only did her babies get too hot to sleep regularly without any trouble to her, but it was a relief not to have to clean up chips as she used to, when they lived right under the Flickers. You remember, don't you, how the South Wind and the fairies moved them to the end of the branch?

Well, Tingling and the twins soon found themselves at Oliver's front door and tapped gently.

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SISTER MARY'S
KITCHEN

(Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

Did you ever consider the advisability of making Tuesday the washday instead of Monday?

If you wash on Tuesday, washing loses some of its hardship. Monday can be used as a day of preparation.

On Monday one could do the mending. A patch that has to be "set" on a freshly ironed garment muddies the garment and means extra work in pressing. If the patch is put on on Monday it is then washed and ironed as one with the garment and shows much less.

Many articles that have tiny holes have their holes made bigger in the washing. If these holes are mended before there is any risk of catching them and tearing them, many stitches may be saved.

Menu for Tomorrow.
Breakfast—Blackberries in cereal, poached eggs, toast, coffee.
Luncheon—Cream of tomato soup, croutons, combination salad, Lady Baltimore cake, tea.

Dinner—Stuffed baked fish, scalloped potatoes, baked onions, cabbage salad, apple pie, coffee.

My Own Recipes.
All berries are delicious served in an uncooked cereal. This is a saving of dishes, too, for only half as many oatmeal dishes are needed when the fruit and cereal are served together. Every dish saved is a minute gained for something else during the day.

LADY BALTIMORE CAKE.
1 cup butter.
2 cups sugar.
3 1/2 cups flour.
1 cup milk.
3 1/2 teaspoons baking powder.
1 teaspoon vanilla.
6 eggs (whites).

Cream butter. Add sugar slowly. Mix and sift flour and baking powder. Add alternately with milk and vanilla to first mixture. Beat whites of eggs till stiff and dry and fold into mixture. Bake in 3 layers and put together with chocolate icing made of the egg yolks.

BAKED ONIONS.
8 small onions.
1/4 cup dried bread crumbs.
2 tablespoons butter.
1 1/2 cups white sauce.

Peel onions. Parboil in salted water for ten minutes. Put into a buttered baking dish. Dot each onion with butter. Pour over white sauce, sprinkle with bread crumbs and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

Criticize the scantiness of the modern bathing suit as you will, still it's in the nature of things that a bathing suit should shrink.

MARY.

LAUREL POINT

Eloy Henry, of Georgetown, spent Sunday with his mother here.

A public sale was conducted at the home of the late George Beal August 5. Marie Atkins auctioned off the goods. Mrs. Beal and children left the 6th and will make their home for a time with her father, John F. Chipp and brother, Harry Beal. All were sorry to lose such excellent neighbors.

Harvey Stevens and wife and Mrs. D. H. Perkins, of Westover, spent Sunday with Geo. Stalter and wife.

A party left here Friday evening to attend a birthday social given in honor of Mrs. Jarrett Jamison. Jesse Henry, of Westover, was a guest at the home of J. C. Shaffer the 8th.

Ray Stevens, of Fairmont, was here last Sunday and took his mother and sister, Mary, to the New England mines to visit the scenes of her childhood days when she attended church at the old Laurel Flat church. There is a great change since the mines are operated in that region and a town is built near the old church where she went over 60 years ago.

W. A. Fisher and wife were Sunday visitors of Dana Arnold, of Riverview, last Sunday.

Cliff Radcliff and wife spent Sunday at Fairmont.

Thomas Brand and son-in-law, Aubrey Barrow, of Morgantown, were here Sunday.

Ruth Thompson has gone to attend the Bowditch League convention at Buckhannon.

Every Flower
Has a Story
All Its Own

THE THISTLE.

The thistle personifies austerity, independence, and retaliation.

It is the national flower of Scotland. The appropriate motto that appears with it is "No man attacks me without being punished," but a simpler translation is "Touch me who dares."

The thistle was adopted as the national flower in the reign of Alexander III. In 1263, an army of Danes had landed near the mouth of the Clyde, not far from where Alexander's army was encamped.

While they were stealthily creeping toward the enemy's camp, one of the bare-footed Danish soldiers stepped on a thistle. His cry of pain, aroused the Scotch camp, and they succeeded in driving the invaders from their shores.

Protects Against Evil.

An old superstition says that if a person carries a thistle around with him it will protect him against evil, especially lightning.

If a maiden wished to find out which suitor loved her the best, she must pick as many thistles as she had suitors cut the heads off, give each flower the name of a person and put them under her pillow. The one that put forth a new sprout loved her best. To dream of thistles was considered good luck.

Root Cured Plague.

A story is told of Charlemagne and a thistle. The emperor was engaged in a war, when a plague broke out. He prayed to God for help and in a dream an angel appeared to him and shot an arrow, telling him that the arrow would cure the plague. The next morning, Charlemagne followed the direction indicated, and found an arrow lodged in a large thistle. The remedy obtained from the plant stopped the epidemic.

The Moscow fire of 350 years ago is the "world's record" in that 200,000 persons perished.

CONFESSIONS
OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, 1920.)

By the time we were all attired for the ballet of the ballots, Jim had welcomed the crowd, and the mayor and the governor and Martha Palmer had made their little speeches. All with vast success, we judged, as the applause floated back to the bungalows where we were dressing.

I was too tired to care much about the show, I simply wanted to get through with it to count it as a thing of the past. The careless way in which Ann had disposed of the girls' rings made me nervous, and I suppose Katherine Miller's loveliness exasperated and depressed me.

She was not one of a chorus, as I was. She was Miss Columbia. Unique and superb. She was not a haughty Columbia arrayed in dignified draperies of silk as stiff as armor, but the Columbia of a dream world, draped in layers of diaphanous nets, a vision of the red, white and blue personified.

Cheers greeted her as she emerged from the darkness of the trees and advanced majestically to a huge natural boulder in the meadow, which anybody could plainly see Nature had planted there especially for our "pretend" Plymouth Rock. A hidden arrangement of powerful fans stirred her draperies and blew her magnificent hair about her very magnificent self.

"Such hair! Such hair!" ran my jealous thought, and I tried to find my husband's face in the crowd. I wanted to see how the vision affected him, and because I could not find him, I assumed that he must be deeply moved by it!

Only my own need to listen, for my cue forced me to give up my search for Bob.

Columbia, in the ballet, was plagued by a horde of evil gnomes. Our nice boy scouts obligingly masqueraded as these wicked creatures, that is, they were willing to take the parts after they learned that their faces would be covered and that we wouldn't put their names on the program! Not one of them was willing to be set down

as "greed," or profiteer, or selfishness, or fraud, or anti-Americanism, or any other of the horrid enemies that danced around Columbia and tantalized her like wicked gnats.

Columbia, with many a vain command, bade them advance and depart, and at her dominating gesture, the wicked gnomes would shrink up and slink away, but eventually they always returned to harass her, and every time they came back, their numbers had increased in a manner which caused her great dismay.

Finally, in despair, Columbia was obliged to summon her natural defenders, the ballots.

Blast after blast she blew upon her silver bugle, and, at each call, one of the lovely girls of the ballet emerged suddenly from behind a group of trees or a hedge. And certainly each "ballot" was a dainty picture as she tripped in frantically but with terpsichorean grace to the rescue of the distressed goddess.

The applause for each of us was tremendous. The audience was pleased not only because the girls were beautiful. The people caught the idea of the rally—that by means of the ballot, Columbia could be saved from every danger.

I was one of the first to be summoned by Columbia that night. Taking my place near Katherine Miller, in an attitude of defense, I found that I was in a position to look straight at Jim Junior, who, as chairman, had a prominent position near our mock Plymouth Rock. Never had I seen Jimmy-boy looking so perfectly handsome!

After me came Deborah Burns, Katherine Miller's only competitor in beauty that night. For me, Deb is the personification of what an American girl ought to be. Jim hadn't seen her for over three years. Deborah was simply superb as she hastened to her place next to me. And Jimmy-boy's face was a study!

The next bugle call summoned Willy Van Eyck, but I failed to observe her progress. I couldn't help watching Jim and Deb. They had forgotten where they were. They were simply gazing at each other, like ghosts or spirits, across infinite time and space, it seemed to me.

Jim failed to see his wife dance across the green when her turn came. I felt that I would have to

ask to Deb, that I ought to interrupt that never-to-be-forgotten glance before Ann lined up with us, and looked about her. So I whispered some common place to Deb. "Ann mustn't see for her own sake—and for Jim's."

Deb and Jim were heroic souls. I knew they would never give poor little Ann a single moment's heart-ache.

CATAWBA INFANT DIES.

Florence Nevada Kiser, aged six weeks, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kiser, died yesterday at the home of her parents at Catawba after an illness with heart trouble. The body was interred today at the Catawba cemetery by Undertaker Jenkins.

Oil fields of Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas are to be connected with Chicago by a pipe line.

The Ringhals snake, a native of South Africa, can throw a spray of poison 15 feet.

Rating contests are common along the village of Albano.

The mauling of a woman two feet long.

You'll be lost—without the map of the world and your own home town.

The West Virginian have it sent!

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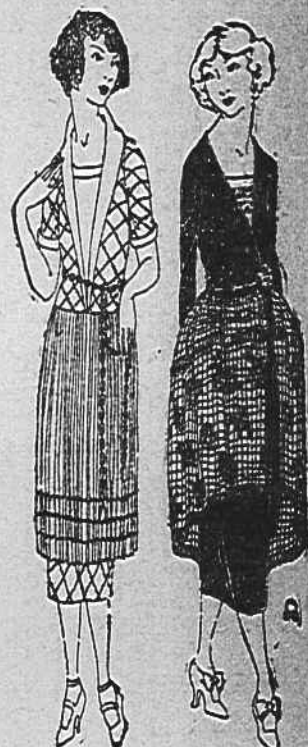
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Osgood's
for
Quality

"The Best Place to Shop After All"

Alluring New
Autumn Frocks

THE foremost designers everywhere in evolving Autumn Frocks for daytime wear have stressed the use of charmeuse, meteor and crepe de chine. They will vie with serge and tricotine for popularity. Our newly arrived displays embrace many beautiful modes in these fabrics—we especially ask your attention to Frocks in navy and black charmeuse.

Surprisingly Modest
Prices PrevailSeparate Skirts
With Character and
Style

NEW Skirts are here in numbers pleasingly varied and displaying conspicuously those features which mark them distinctly as of Autumn. Accordion pleats are prominent and plaid designs apparently will receive the favor of carefully groomed women.

Two Slices for One

When you sat down to your soup last night, how many slices of bread did you eat with it?

One?

Try eating two.

Lots of people are only half as vital and well nourished as they should be, because they are unconsciously cheating themselves by eating only one half the bread they deserve.

Double your daily bread-eating and you will also double your store of working health and joy in living.

Eat more Bread.

There is no food equal to bread, in wholesomeness and nutriment.

It is also very economical. You save money from the instant you start eating—

"Two Slices for One."

Fairmont-baked Bread is Bread at its best—always pure, tempting and nutritious.



BAKERS OF FAIRMONT

"YOUR HOME TOWN FIRST."

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(AND IT GOES SO EASY.)—BY ALLMAN.

